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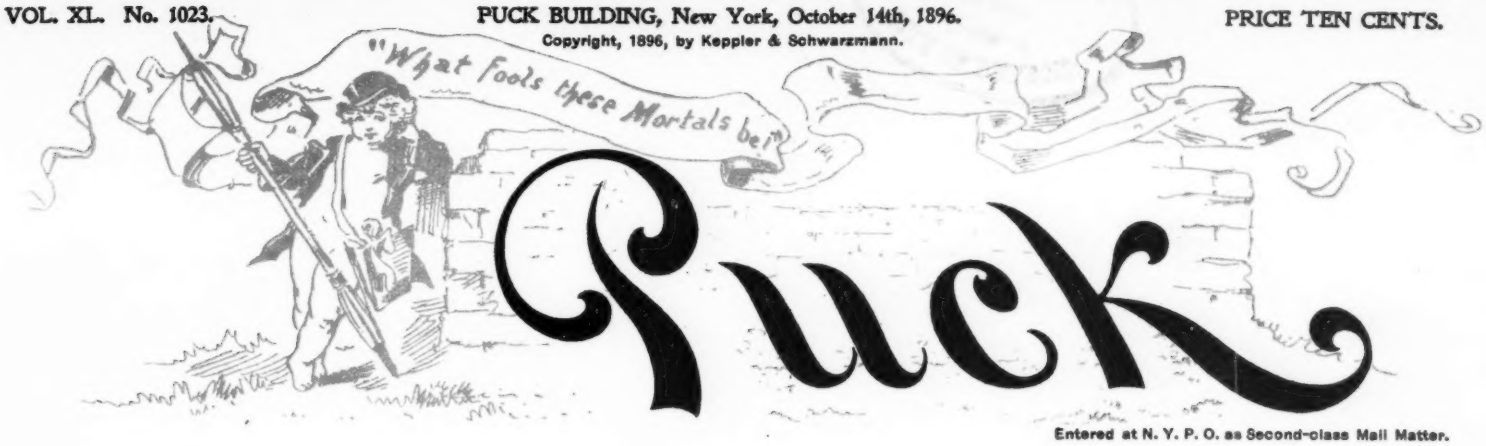

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.

POPULIST NOMINATION '92

FOR PRESIDENT

J. B. WEAVER

REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION '92

GROVER CLEVELAND

FOR PRESIDENT J. B. WEAVER

BALLOT BOX

POPULIST PLATFORM '92

FREE COINAGE OF SILVER AT HALF ITS COMMERCIAL VALUE, UNLIMITED PAPER MONEY FOR EVERYBODY, THE CONFISCATION OF ALL RAILROAD, TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE LINES — IN SHORT, TRAILING NATIONAL HONOR IN THE MUD OF REPUDIATION

DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM '92

BIMETALLISM THROUGH INTERNATIONAL AGREEMENT OR BY SUCH SAFEGUARDS OF LEGISLATION AS WOULD ENSURE THE PARITY OF BOTH GOLD AND SILVER AND PRESERVE THE NATIONAL HONOR.

Keppler.

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HE DID NOT THINK SO IN '92.

"When the Democratic party is engaged in a struggle, as it is now, any man who deserts it in the face of the enemy will never get back unless he comes in sackcloth and ashes." — *From Bryan's speech at Petersburg, Va., 1896.*

VOX POPULI.

WHEN UNCLE JOSHUA was struck with palsy unawares,
He quietly give up the ghost an' left two sons an' heirs.
An' one was Jacob, short an' fat; Uriah was the lean un';
They had, I reckon, somethin' like ten thousan' plunks between 'em.

When Jacob got his sheer, he tuk some of his wife's relation
An' set 'em up in trade, an' wuz their gin'ral salvation;
He left his latch-string hangin' out, an' all hands wuz invited,
An' every tramp just smacked his lips when Jacob's house was sighted.
He started up a grocery store, an' all the poor he trusted;
An', lo 'n' behold! the sheriff come, an' Jacob — he wuz busted!
The people winked an' nudged theirselves, and then the story started
About the 'tarnal fool that from his money soon was parted.

* * *

Uriah tuk his thousan's an' invested 'em in ile,
An' it wuz n't many months afore he 'd made a thunderin' pile;
An' he built a costly mansion on the highest hill in town,
An' in many ways he tried to be a pusson of renown.
He sent his boys to college, an' his girls acrost the sea,
An' spent some hundred dollars lookin' up his fam'ly tree.
He contriberted an organ to the 'Piscopalyun church —
Fer a public-sperriteder man you 'd hev a lengthy search.

But the people all despised him fer his money an' his pride,
An' when amid his luxuries he laid him down an' died,
The men who greeted him in life by takin' off their hats
Thanked heaven fer one less of them infernal plutocrats.

Fred Nye.

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A COUNTER-SCHEME.

FIRST MILKMAN. — What do you think of the fifty-cent dollar plan.

SECOND MILKMAN. — If it ever goes through, we 'll have to change the milk-and-water ratio.

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SO THEY SAY.

MADISON SQUEER. — Brooklyn is a great place for amateur theatricals, is n't it?

OUTER TOWNE. — Yes, indeed! They say that nearly every man you see wheeling a baby carriage could play *Romeo* at an hour's notice.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

FIRST DIME-NOVEL READER. — I missed the chance of me life last night.

SECOND DIME-NOVEL READER. — How 's that?

FIRST DIME-NOVEL READER. — There was a burglar broke in our house, an' I never woke up.

CONSIDERED DEAD.

THE MEDIUM. — What spirit shall I call up?

MCKINLEY ENTHUSIAST. — Bryan.

PREPARING FOR AN EMERGENCY.

THE NEOPHYTE. — Dere vas choost vun t'ing I vant to learn apout dis peezness before I go into it.

THE FIREBUG. — Vot 's dot?

THE NEOPHYTE. — How to turn Shtade's efidence undt do it quvick.

A FOOLHARDY PLAYER.

STEELE FRAME. — I don't like to play poker with that man Barings, — he is altogether too reckless.

WHEELER SPOKES. — How is that?

STEELE FRAME. — Why, last night, after betting all his cash, he actually wanted to put up his bicycle on four aces. Just suppose a straight-flush had been out!

THE NEW WOMAN will be a long time in politics before any candidate aged thirty-six will be known as "The Girl Orator."

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A SURE SIGN.

MOTHER *(dropping in to see her married daughter).*— Why, Clara! Why these tears? What is the matter?

MRS. NEWWED.— Oh! I 'm sure something is going to happen to Henry to-day. When he left for the office this morning he said he never felt better in his life.

WANTED TO BE CERTAIN.

A SMALL LADY, carrying a hand-satchel and a "Guide Book to the Metropolis," approached the tall policeman on the corner and, smiling affably, asked:

"Can you tell me the height of that building over there, please?"

"Two hundred and seventy-three feet and ten inches, from the sidewalk to the top of the tower."

"Thank you ever so much. And is it true that there are two hundred and thirty-six deaths in New York every twenty-four hours?"

"Can't say for sure, lady; would n't be surprised though."

"Really! Is n't it dreadful? And can you tell how many parks there are in the city?"

The tall policeman moved uncomfortably and gave the exact number with a deep sigh. The lady positively beamed on him as she asked:

"Is it really so that thirty years ago this spot was a cow pasture 'where the lowing kine stood knee-deep in the shaded stream,' and the only building in sight was a church on that corner over there?"

The policeman looked longingly at his watch.

"That 's what I 've been told; but I dare say it 's sort of exaggerated, you know, lady."

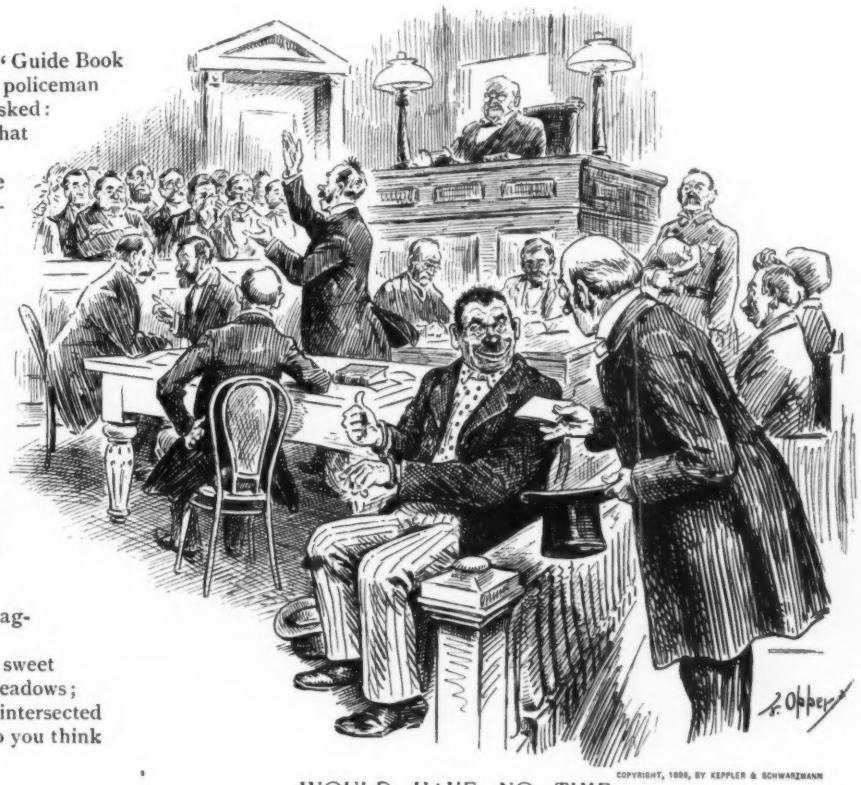
"Oh! do you think so? I hope you 're mistaken; it 's so sweet to think of these busy, noisy streets once being peaceful green meadows; don't you think so? And to think that a rippling brook once intersected that corner, 'flowing between drooping willows and alders!' Do you think that is so?"

"Sure of it, lady."

"Really? Oh! I 'm so glad! That is what the guide book said; but I wanted to be perfectly certain of it. Thank you ever so much!"

And the small lady tripped joyfully away, while the large, tall policeman leaned against the block and mopped his forehead vigorously.

Richard Stillman Powell.



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WOULD HAVE NO TIME.

REV. DOGOOD.— My poor, unfortunate man, read this tract when you get time.

BILL THE BURGLAR *(complacently).*— I don't expect to git no time dis trip, Mister. Me lawyers hez fixed up a corkin' alleybi fer me.

THE BLUES.

IF THE BLUES had in literature the space that they fill in life, they would crowd the libraries and occupy the lower shelves among the great tomes. Yet their name is lightly held, they are spoken of in jest, and man, even when he is thinking of the Blues — as almost always he is — will write a chapter in his book on electricity, or figure a paper of interest, or take a smoke.

Whence come the Blues? Whence, indeed, come they not? The little weeping imps will spring from present gayety, from the overtones in the orchestra's violins, from a happy word of the poets.

Some say that the Blues are the result of vain regret; but men have had a tear come to the eye only in suddenly recalling how, in a long-gone Summer, they stubbed their bare toe in the meadow; and have had the Blues for thinking of the time they were soundly whipped for running away and going in swimming with the despised and low-caste Johnson boys. It is not regret that causes the Blues; they are a great human force in themselves, a first cause that only uses regrets and sweet and bitter memories to work its ends. A man will weep to think how merry he once was, or how sad; to think of the luxuries he enjoyed, or of the hardships he suffered; he will be sad to think how blue the sky used to be, and he will be sad again to remember the rain that used to beat at night against his casement.

From the age when he can remember yesterday man has the Blues. Man, indeed, is a natural sniveller. But the first thing he knows Nature gives him something to cry for.

Williston Fish.

A TRYING SITUATION.

MIRIAM.— I hear that Ferdinand and Alberta are quarreling already.

MILLICENT.— Well, I 'm not surprised. There were sixteen cycles given them as wedding presents, and every wheel was of a different make.

FIN DE SIÈCLE GARB.

The apparel oft proclaims the man,
When soon it doth befall
The cycler, if we closely scan,
'S a woman, after all!

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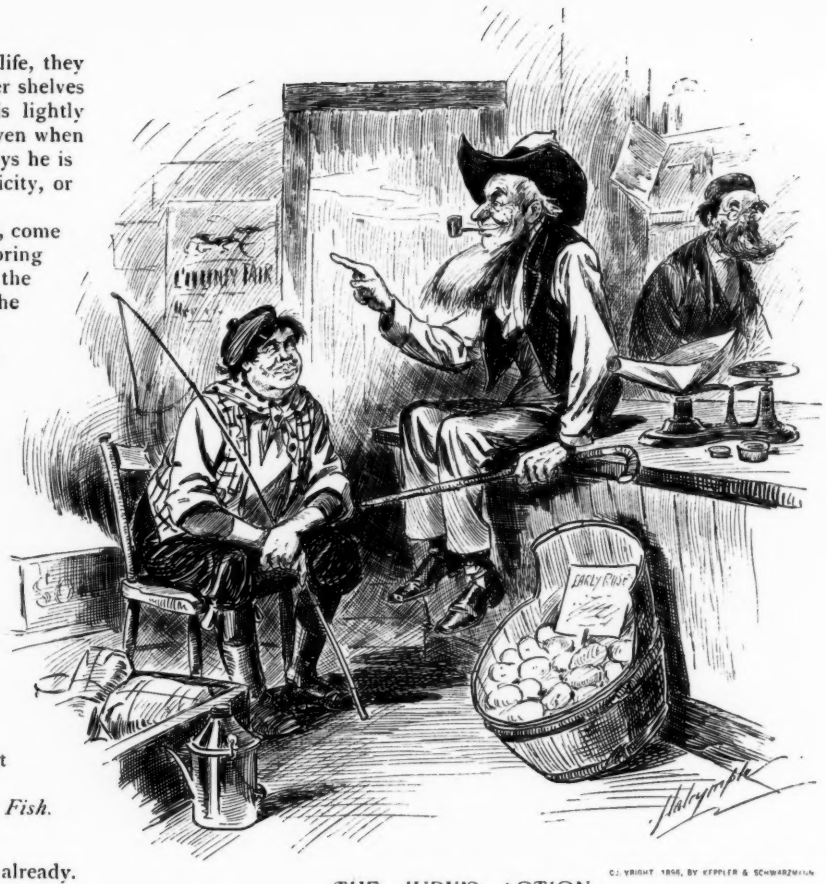
ON THE OLD MAN.

OLD GOTROX *(savagely)*.— So you want to marry my daughter, do you? Do you think two can live as cheaply as one?

YOUNG SOFTLY *(slightly embarrassed)*.— I — I hardly think you will notice any difference, sir.



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THE JURY'S ACTION.

"When you poke a toad," said old Farmer Hornbeak philosophically, "you can't tell which way he will jump, nor how far; an' it is jest about the same way with the average jury."

"That so?" returned young Jay Green, in a non-committal way.

"Yep. For instance, in the case of Plunk Jarvis, who has jest been tried over at Kickyhasset Court House for pullin' out his brother-in-law's whiskers by the roots in a fight, the jury discharged Plunk an' fined his brother-in-law ten cents, the regular price of a shave."

TWO REASONS.

ISAACHEIMER.— Rosenstein's assignee told me he vill go oud of peezness.

COHENSTEIN.— He 's got lots of money, ain'dt it?

ISAACHEIMER.— Yes; undt he can't get no more gredit.

INHERITED.

"What a remarkably fine game of golf Springer plays!"

"Yes; his father was a letter-carrier."

HE TOOK ALL THE BLAME.

HE.—It 's reported around that we are engaged.

SHE.—Well, you know it is n't so.

"Yes, I know. I 'm the only one I blame for it."

NO JUDGE.

BINGO.— Does your baby sleep well?

DINGO.— I don't know; I 'm away from home all day.

THE SENSATION.

"How did you feel?"

"As foolish as a large man looks when drinking ice-cream soda."

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

"I 'm sure he does n't swear."

"Why are you sure?"

"I met him one of the hottest days this Summer and he merely said it was oppressively warm."

A MONEY-SAVING SCHEME.

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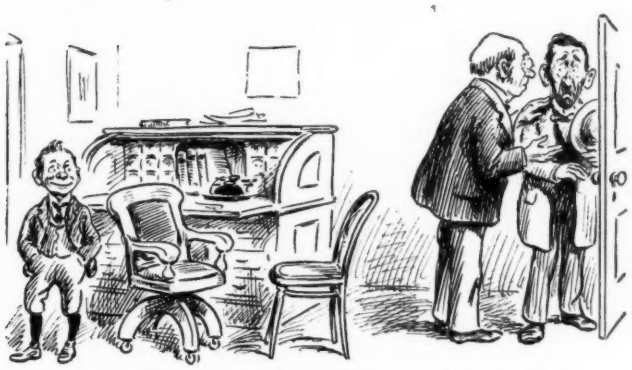
MR. LEGPULL.— Er — I say, Goodthing, could you let me have — fifty dollars till day after to-morrow, at twenty minutes past ten?
MR. GOODTHING (*pressing electric button three times*).— My dear fellow, I —

OFFICE BOY (*bursting in*).— Say, Mr. Goodthing! Mother says if you can't pay me the six weeks' back wages you owe me she won't let me work fer you any longer!



MR. GOODTHING.— I should be glad to accommodate you, Legpull, but you see how I 'm fixed. Please don't say anything about this.

MR. GOODTHING.— Here 's your next week's salary in advance, James, with a dollar raise; and next time remember to wait a minute or two longer, before rushing in, when I ring three times!

NOT HIS FAULT.

"WE ALL need it."

Mr. and Mrs. Witherby had been invited over to the Newgold's for a little game of euchre, and the table had just been cleared and Mr. Newgold was counting the cards.

"Yes," continued Witherby to Mrs. Newgold, to whom he had been addressing himself; "your remark about the number of people who have no tact arouses me at once, for it 's a thing that has often attracted my attention. Tact is above all things else what we need; and how few of us possess it! I have known men to fail in business for the want of a little tact; and I have seen women who might attain to almost any height of social prominence, but for the lack of just this thing. The fact is, Mrs. Newgold, people don't stop to think. They are selfish, absorbed in themselves without the power to look at things from any other standpoint but their own. I 've seen the most painful separations caused by just this lack. Suppose I should come home at night cross and unendurable, and Mrs. Witherby did n't have the tact to smooth me down. Why, there 'd be trouble right there! Or suppose I did n't know how to manage her — it would be just the same thing. Tact, tact is what we want: what you want, what I want, and what every one wants. How little any of us studies what to say beforehand! Take Newgold, here, for instance. Do you suppose I would ever talk to him about his family? No; I avoid the — Eh! my dear, what are you kicking me under the table for?" And then, as Witherby looked up at the agonized expression of his wife's face and felt the deadly silence that gathered around him, slowly creeping into the innermost recesses of his soul, he muttered under his breath, as he hastily cut the cards: "That 's just like a woman, anyway. If she had left me alone I would have gotten out of it."

Tom Masson.

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INEXPLICABLE.

DEACON WOOLVERTON.— An' jes' t'ink ob Adam an' Eve frowin' away de Garden ob Eden fer a apple!

DEACON PAUNCHLEY.— Dat 's so! I could understan' it if it wuz er watahmillyun.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

MRS. GABBLETON.— How clearly one can read character from a portrait!

GRIMSHAW.— Yes. Now, for instance, this picture of Mrs. Hornbeak-Hennypeck fully explains the resigned and hopeless look of her husband.

THAT DOES IT.

SCIENTIFICUS. — Let me see, what is the name of the instrument that records the strength of a pugilist's blow.

JOLLICUS.— I guess you mean a phonograph.

CONSISTENT.

JACK SWIFT.— Miss Thirtysmith does n't look a day older than she did six years ago.

SALLY GAY.— According to her own statement she is n't.

IT WAS HARD.

"Mrs. Boardley, do you cast your bread upon the waters?"

"I 'm afraid not, Mr. Jokeley."

"Well — er — then would you mind telling me where you do cast it?"

THIS IS the essential point about the Millennium: People will not cease to have to work, but they will no longer be worked.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION has a hard job when it tackles the man whose wife runs a millinery store.

HYPHENATED.

I.

MARY HAD a little word,
A word as cold as — snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The word was sure to "go."

II.

Unlucky lovers followed her
Wherever she might stray;
But to them all that little word
Was all she had to say.

III.

However warm their hopes might be,
However deep their woe,
She laughed at them, and in one calm
Cold syllable said, "NO!"

IV.

But when I came, and minded not
The scorn she seemed to show,
To my persistent queries she
At length replied, "N-No."

V.

That literally "broke the spell;"
She 's mine! Which goes to show
That when they hyphenate the word
It 's "Yes" they mean, not "No!"

Frank Roe Batchelder.

HE JUDGED BY APPEARANCES.

ISAACS. — Dere 's a goat vot vos made to order for forty tollars, but it did n't quite fit der man undt he vould n't keep it.

CUSTOMER. — That 's queer.

ISAACS. — Vot 's quveer?

CUSTOMER. — Well, he must have worn the coat a couple of years before he found out that it did n't fit him.

SWEET NOTHINGS.

MIRIAM. — I infer that you and the count have been whispering sweet nothings to each other just now in the conservatory?

MILICENT. — Well, I suppose one might call it so. At his earnest solicitation I have been confiding to him the number of 0s after the figure of my fortune.

NOT QUITE OVER.

ARTHUR. — I hear she jilted you. So it 's all over, is it?

CHOLLY. — Oh, no! I have n't settled with the florist yet.

THE MODERN pugilist is not recognized as a belligerent.

THERE IS a growing suspicion that when Pope wrote "All discord (is) harmony not understood" he was giving Vogner a lift.

THE SAGE who said that "learning is better than house and land" may have been talking up his own wares in an effort to make a trade.

WHENEVER A MAN achieves marked success in anything, all of his intimate acquaintances wonder how in the world he did it.

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SCHEDULE TIME.

DRESSMAKER. — Do you want it cut with a train?

MRS. LE MODE. — Yes; and I want it on time, too!

NOT IN THE MIDST OF IT.

REV. MR. THANKFUL *(ponderously)*. — My dear Miss Searleaf, in the midst of life —

MISS SEARLEAF *(frigidly)*. — Excuse me, sir; I hardly think I have reached that yet.

YOU CAN lead a horse to water, but you can not **make** him drink. The mule differs from the horse in that you can't lead him to the water.

A HIRSUTE MISTAKE.

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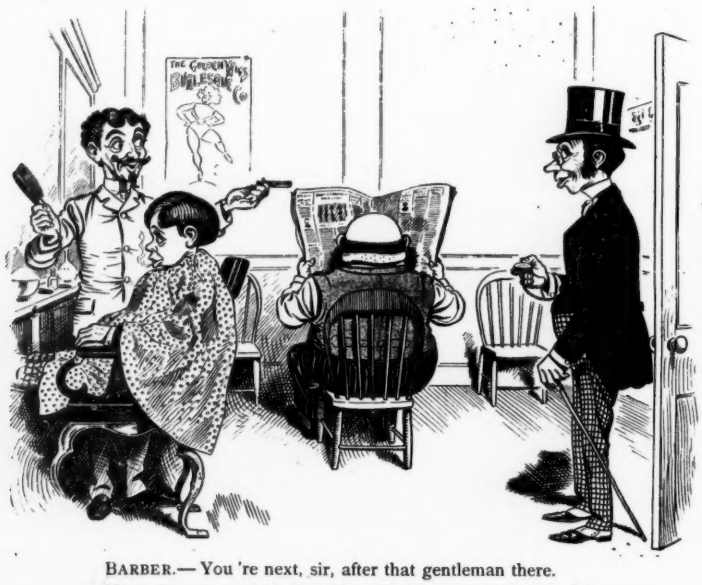

BARBER. — You 're next, sir, after that gentleman there.

NEW CUSTOMER *(to himself)*. — By George! I 'm in luck! Only one man ahead of me, and he with a bald head and full whiskers. I can wait for *him!*

BALDHEADED PARTY. — Give me a clean shave, please!

NEW CUSTOMER. — Good Heavens! I 'll miss my train if I wait, and I have already lost twenty minutes!

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

BRYAN AS AN "ATTRACTION."

As the campaign nears its end it can not be truthfully said that interest in Mr. Bryan is falling off. Wherever he goes he fills the public eye and the public ear. It is cheeringly evident, however, that the interest which he excites in these latter days is wholly different from that which he formerly aroused. At the time of his entrance into national politics the people took him seriously. There was no very glaring proof that he was not everything he claimed to be, albeit his claims were voiced in somewhat too loud and continuous tones. When he averred free silver to be the panacea for all the evils of our social system, financiers, publicists and economists prepared themselves to listen earnestly to his arguments. It was not inconceivable that this Western youth should be endowed with a fuller genius than theirs, and be able to throw some entirely new light upon the vexed money question. He was given plenty of rope with which he might either bind the "golden monster" hand and foot, — or fatally compress his own windpipe. The people who waited for Mr. Bryan to convince them by argument waited vainly. In his speech accepting the nomination for the Presidency he gallantly marshaled what arguments he could to support his theory; but, to the genuine disappointment of the hopeful ones, they all proved to be antiquated and sadly worn from long service and repeated overthrows. He had no new light to shed, and the utmost force he could give to the old sophistries was to add that he was "firmly convinced" of their soundness. Against this conviction was the history of the world, to say nothing of the dictates of common sense. No country in the world has ever been able to keep gold and silver at a parity under free-coinage at 16 to 1. Every free-coinage country in the world to-day is on a silver basis. Every gold-standard country uses silver as money along with gold; but no silver-standard country uses gold as money along with silver. Not a silver-standard country exists that has more than one-third as much money *per capita* as the United States. And not a silver-standard country exists in which the laboring man receives fair pay. Having only his personal conviction to put up against these facts, Mr. Bryan saw that he was not fitted to prevail by logic, and so he quit posing as a thinker and became an evangelist.

* * *

After abandoning argument for sensational preaching, Mr. Bryan ceased to be taken seriously except by those whom he imbued with his own hysteria. People regarded him as an ordinary type of demagogue, harmless because he was certain to betray his shallowness. Of late it has become evident that Mr. Bryan is more than an ordinary demagogue. He has let it be known that he believes himself to be a man of destiny, — that God has ordained that he shall occupy the Presidential chair, and that there can be no appeal from His decree.

* * *

Two insanity experts have lately studied Mr. Bryan with a view to determining the precise angle of his mental obliquity. Both agree that he is suffering from mental disorders, though neither is positive that he could be declared insane in a medical or a legal sense. His hereditary history, it seems, is highly suggestive. It is related that his father, who was a Judge in Southern Illinois, used to get down upon his knees and pray for divine guidance before rendering his decisions. When a decision was reversed, the elder Bryan insisted that the Supreme Court of Illinois had reversed God, and not him. This belief that his mental processes were superintended by the Almighty seems to have been inherited by the son. He is further afflicted with multiloquence and a swollen and highly inflamed egotism. He scorns the advice of tried political leaders and will have none of their methods. The people can be saved alone through him, and only then upon condition that they have faith in their power to double the price of silver.

* * *

If further proof were lacking to attest Mr. Bryan's unsoundness, it could be found in a list of his warmest supporters. There is Altgeld, whose hobby is that the law has no right to protect citizens from mob violence; there is Tillman, who has a flawless reputation as a blackguard; there is Debs, whose religion is Riot; there is Watson, the bristling and wild-eyed Populist; there is Mary Ellen Lease, the clarion-voiced silverette of Kansas; and there is David Hector Waite of Colorado, who has an unamiable desire to swim his horse through the blood of those who have the mischance to disagree with him. And if anything else were lacking it could be found in the fact that decent Democrats have promptly repudiated this spurious Messiah. One of the alienists who has studied Mr. Bryan classifies him as a "political mattoid." We don't know that we know what a mattoid is, but if Mr. Bryan happens to be one we are positive that a mattoid would be out of place in the White House. For a few weeks yet he may wag his tongue disrespectfully at Nature's laws, and then he will have to find another way to feed the lust for declamation that constantly masters him; for the Bryan craze will be as dead as the Schlatter craze.

HIS VIEWS.

BROWN.—I see that a Western clergyman has advanced some peculiar views concerning the Fall of Man.

JONES.—What are they?

BROWN.—He considers it the cause of all the miseries of mankind from the beginning of the world to 1873; but he holds the demonetization of silver responsible for everything that has happened since.

SATISFIED.

DEACON GOLDBUG.—Is the new minister a man of orthodox opinions?

DEACON CASHMAN.—Ye—es. He has a slight leaning towards international bimetallism, but we don't mind that.

THE CONDITIONS OF THE WAGER.

FIRST TRAMP.—I jist bet a hat wid a friend of mine on de result in Kentucky.

SECOND TRAMP.—Yer bet a hat?

FIRST TRAMP.—Yes. If he wins, I give him de fust hat anybody gives me, an' if I win, he does de same by me.

A GUESS.

JOHNNY.—Papa?

PAPA.—Well?

JOHNNY.—Is a "non-partisan" a man who does n't wear a campaign button?

AN IMPORTANT POINT.

FIRST TRAMP.—Do yer want to go in a torchlight parade to-night?

SECOND TRAMP.—How much money are dey goin' to circulate per capita?

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A YOUTHFUL SUPPOSITION.

LITTLE WILLY *(to LADY, who has taken quite an interest in him).*—Are you a Populist?

THE LADY.—Why, no; of course not!

LITTLE WILLY *(who sees the comic papers).*—'Cause you 've got whiskers on your chin.

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WE DESPISE HIM FOR THE FRIENDS HE HAS MADE.

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. PUCK PUBLISHING N.Y.

REPUDIATION
AND NATIONAL DISHONOR
BRYAN
ALTGELD
TILLMAN
S.C. PRIMARIES

WOMEN'S WAYS.

"COLUMBUS, DEAR," said Mrs. Flatte, the other morning, "I do wish you 'd steal time to go over to Brooklyn to dear Mother's to-day and find out how her knee is, and when she 's coming over for a week, and if she puts lemon in tutti-frutti preserves, and get her recipe for Chili-sauce — the season is most over, but it 'll do for next year; and get the address of that doctor that has a sure cure for rheumatism, and ask her if she thinks 'faith-cure' would help him —"

"Who? The Doctor?" interrupted Columbus; "because I can answer that."

"No! The man that 's got it, you silly! Although, of course, it did n't take the needle out of Mrs. Joyce's hand — Dr. Killemall had to do that; and ask her if she can make a few button-holes for me next week, if I send them by mail —"

"Are you particular that she should use the same needle?"

"Who?"

"Mrs. Joyce"

"I did n't say anything about Mrs. Joyce! Columbus, you are certainly going 'dotty'! What I meant you to do is to ask Mother if she 'll have time to do a few little things for us, now that Jack and his wife are gone —"

"For instance?"

"Well, I want her to cut my bang and start the pattern on your new smoking-jacket."

"I 'm going to quit smoking."

"We hear ducks!"

"I hear one, anyway. As for that bang, I hope she 'll cut it off; – but I better get out my note-book." — (A pause, while Mr. Flatte gets book and pencil ready.) — "Now, there!"

"Well, I want her to make you a couple more negligée shirts and a mayonnaise, for I 've tried the way she makes it fifty times, and never could get it to come' – "

"'The butter that never came,' eh?"

"Now, Columbus, don't you get funny; for you 're liable to get to be like poor Mr. Funsmith, writing comical things on an empty stomach, and making up funny things for Christmas in sizzling hot weather, and waiting for publication till there 's fringe all around the bottom of your pants. I don't suppose, though, there 's any use trying to get the mayonnaise over here; I tried it once, and it all melted and run so it tasted like sour milk with the cream stirred in."

"You held it too close to your dear little warm heart. But I' ll tell you the scheme, Alicia. I 'll run over about five and bundle the old girl back with me for a week's visit; for, if there 's one woman outside of my wife that I love better than another it is my bright little wife's bright little mother. But you need n't think you 're going to work her to death if she comes. Never! I 'll wear 'biled' shirts night and day first! When our joint mother comes, Mrs. Flatte, I am going to teach her to ride a bicycle."

"Do! That 's a dear! And if she 's got any mayonnaise made up you can each carry some along in a pickle jar if you hold it far enough from you. And tell her that we 've heard from the Elvertons, and it 's a girl. That 's what they get for wanting a boy."

Madeline Orvis.

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WASTED EFFORTS.

FIRST YALE STUDENT.— Don't cry, Tom, just because you were arrested for drunkenness.

SECOND YALE STUDENT.— I can't help it, Jack; — not a soul saw me!

AS HE CONSTRUED IT.

FIRST WARD POLITICIAN.— What did dat speaker mean by shoutin' fer "government of the people, by the people, and for the people?"

SECOND WARD POLITICIAN.— That 's all right. *We* are the people!

IN THE MUSEUM.

THE BEARDED LADY. — Times will be better after election.

THE OSSIFIED MAN.— I hope so. The political freaks have it all their own way just now.

THE SITUATION.

REPORTER.— Anything new to-day?

CAMPAIGN MANAGER.— Nothing special. If there is any State I omitted to claim yesterday, you can say that we feel quite confident about it now.

A SCHEME.

FIRST CITIZEN.— Have you heard of that proposed new method of selecting members of the Legislature? It offers a chance, at least, of obtaining better men.

SECOND CITIZEN.— How is it proposed to select them?

FIRST CITIZEN.—By lottery.

HE ACCEPTS THE SITUATION.

HER FATHER.— You say she has accepted you?

SUITOR.— Yes, sir!

HER FATHER. — Then, I suppose, this is merely a ratification meeting?

PITY, IN the opinion of the rejected suitor, is a poor relation of love.

IN SOUTH AMERICA.

NATIVE.— There 's going to be an insurrection here soon.

TOURIST. — What is the trouble?

NATIVE. — Well, we have n't had any for about a month, and some friends of the President are getting up one to save him from ennui.

PICTORIAL.

They turned the X-rays on her,
(It really was a shame,)
And the lovely Living Picture
Was nothing but a Frame.

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DANGER AHEAD.

FLOWERY FIELDS.— So, after hearin' dat stump speaker las' night, yer decided not ter vote fer McKinley, did yer?

WEARY WILLY.— You bet I did! W'y, he said if McKinley wuz elected dere would n't be a man in de United States out of a job.

OH, TELL US WHY!

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KNOWITALL, THE GREAT MIND-READER *(at the matinée)*.— The number of the gentleman's watch is 987,432. The lady has a four-leaf clover in her shoe. The young man was born 8th of August, 1873, etc., etc.

KNOWITALL, THE GREAT MIND READER *(preparing for the evening performance)*.— Confound it, Mary! I 'm late for the show now, and I can't find my hat!

THE SUBJECT OF HER THOUGHTS.

THE PARTING between Thomas Wilson and Esmeralda Kilduff, last Thursday night, was an unusually prolonged one. She had accompanied him as far as the front gate, and that is where the prolongation occurred. It was a fine night, and they stood together in silence, neither wishing to break the spell that hung over them.

I don't know how long they would have stood thus had not a clock in a church tower not far away announced the hour of midnight, and then Esmeralda said she had better go in.

Thomas offered no objection to this, but proceeded to say something which he had been trying to get enough courage to say for several months. When he had said it he felt startled at his boldness, and yet it was but natural that such a question should follow the intimacy which had existed between the two for more than a year. What he said was this:

"Esmeralda, dear, will you marry me?"

He waited for an answer — and he waited in vain. Esmeralda said not a word. He could not see her face, and was therefore unable to judge from her expression what was passing in her mind. As the seconds passed, he grew intensely anxious. He ought to have regarded his case as won, because silence gives consent; but this did not occur to him. The silence grew oppressive, and he felt that she must answer him or he must die.

"Esmeralda," he said, hoarsely; "I am waiting for your answer."

"Oh! forgive me, Tom! I was thinking."

"What were you thinking of?"

"I was thinking how I would have my wedding gown made, dear."

William Henry Siviter.

ALWAYS A WAY.

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FIRST OFFICER *(puffing)*.— Say, Bill, I can't carry him another step if he has to stay here all night. There ain't a whee-barrow in sight, either.

SECOND OFFICER.— No; but there 's a good stout pole. Get that and I think we can manage him.

"Now, hold his arms up and push the pole through his coat sleeves."

"Now, all together! There you are! How is that for a carryall?"

AN ERROR IN CALCULATION.

GRANDPA.— Now, Ikey, if a man makes a brofit in his peezness of two t'ousant tollars a year, how mooch vill dot be in eight years?

IKEY *(learning multiplication)*.— I make dot a hundred undt sixty t'ousant tollars.

GRANDPA.— Oh, no! dot vos wrong, Ikey. To make it so mooch as dot, you vould haf to count in der fires undt der failures.

HIS RIGHT.

GASSAWAY. — The free-born American, sir, need not wait for other nations, but may formulate such laws as he chooses!

GRIMSHAW.— Yes; and the free-born American also has an inalienable right to sit down on a red-hot stove if he pleases, or make any other kind of a darned fool of himself.

"SEE HERE!" said a passenger in a crowded car to his neighbor; "I have no objection to your standing on one foot, so long as it is n't mine."

NAUTICAL.

"Why, Captain, I never supposed you would marry again."

"I 'm only takin' a secon' mate, sur."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

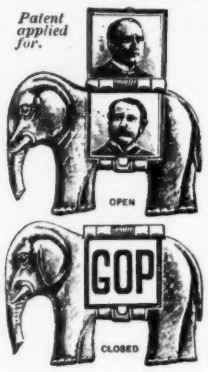
Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149—155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S—O—H—M—E—R.

Patent applied for.



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The Sensation in ***Campaign Badges.***

Touch the Girth and see the Winners.

GOLD-PLATED. Saddle Enameled in Red.

Sample 10 cents. 75 cts. per dozen.

McRAE & KEELER, Attleboro, Mass.

For

Dandruff,

Chafing, Itching,

Bad Complexion,

and Odors from Perspiration,

use that delightful antiseptic cleanser,

Packer's Tar Soap

BARKEEPER'S FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre, never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mnfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

HIS LAST NAME.

"Is your last name Walker, Sammy?"

"Naw! Walker was me name when I was borned, an' they did n't call me Sammy till four weeks later. Sammy 's my last name, Mum."—*Detroit Free Press.*

You know that *Dr. Siegert's* Angostura Bitters is the only genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous dealers, who want to impose on you with spurious imitations.

THE CLUB COCKTAILS

For the Yacht, Camping Party, Summer Hotel, Fishing Party, Mountains, Seashore, or the Picnic.

Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Vermouth and York

All ready for use, require no mixing. Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one bottled and aged must be the better. Try our **York Cocktail**—without any sweetening—dry and delicious. For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S., and all druggists and dealers.

AVOID IMITATIONS. G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.

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ACCOUNTING FOR THEIR ESCAPE.

FIRST TRAMP.—It 's a wonder neder of us never got de hydrerphobyer.

SECOND TRAMP.—Oh! none of de dogs what bit us wuz mad. Dey only tackled us in de re'glar course of business.

Half A MILLION Dollars

To be Given Away in Articles of Real Value to the Users of

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THE BLOCH BROS. TOBACCO CO., WHEELING, WEST VA.

No coupons exchanged after July 1, 1897.

How contemptibly men kick and wrangle over a dollar, and how magnificently they throw it away!—*Atchison Globe.*

M. Stachelberg & Co's Havana Cigars

EST. 1857.

COSTLIEST BECAUSE BEST

A BOY'S REASON.

"Tom, which will you have for your birthday, a bicycle or a watch?

"Bicycle," said Tom. "The wheels are bigger."—*Harper's Weekly.*

LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATE BONBONS.

"Name on Every Piece."

The crowning triumph of confectioners' art.

SAMPLE PACKAGE 10c. IN STAMPS.

If you wish a pound or more, and your dealer will not supply you, we will send you, on receipt of price, 1-lb box, 60c; 2-lb. box, $1.20; 3-lb. box, $1.80; 5-lb. box, $3.00. Delivered free in U. S.

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They are the original SINGLE TUBES and are both fast and famous. Do not buy imitations.

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CINCINNATI, O.

Popular Cocktails

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MANHATTAN
MARTINI
VERMOUTH
BRANDY
GIN
TOM GIN
CHAMPAGNE

Perfection in Combination, Quality, Purity and Brilliancy.

For sale by all Leading Jobbers and Retailers.

HIS COLLEGE STANDING.

"JOHNNY, is your brother back at college?" asked the girl who is deeply interested in the subject of her inquiry.

"Naw; he 's quarter-back," proudly answered the youngster.—*Detroit Free Press.*

OPIUM AND MORPHINE "HABITS."

If you have a friend who uses Opium or Morphine, write me at once. My treatment is radically different from all others; contains no opiate or other narcotic; cures secretly, without suffering.

Free trial; if not satisfied it costs you nothing.

CARLOS BRUISARD, M. D., 187 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A SUSPICION.

"I wonder why so many telephone operators are women?" said the man who cultivates an idle curiosity.

"I don't know," replied the misanthrope, "unless it 's because the occupation puts them in a position to have the last word every time."—*Washington Star.*

Arnold Constable & Co.

Carpets and Upholstery

A. C. & Co. are offering an unrivaled stock of Carpets and Upholstery for Fall Furnishings, exclusive designs and patterns. Special orders solicited and estimates furnished.

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Lion and Tiger Skins.

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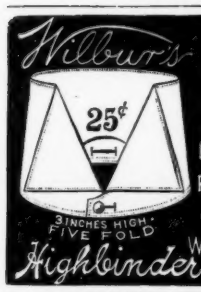

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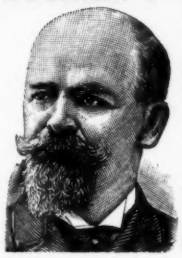

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The Perfection of Chewing Gum

And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness.

Send 5c. for sample package.

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27 Lake St., Cleveland, O.

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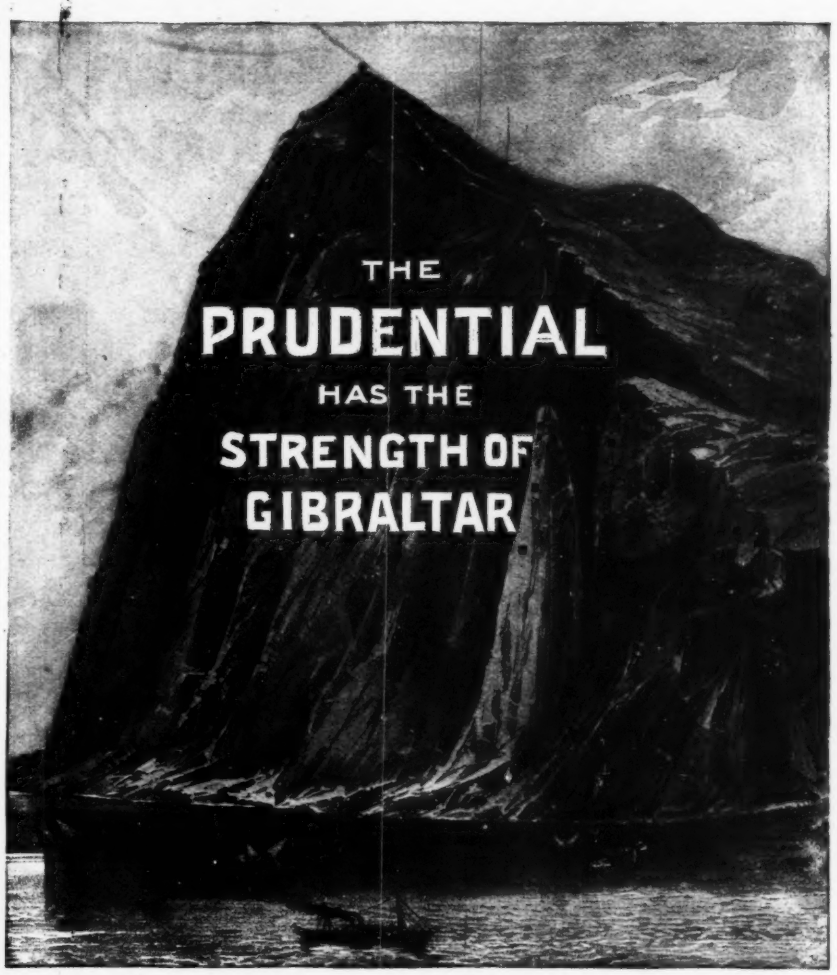

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KNOWLEDGE COSTS MONEY.

IRATE PATRON.—See here, sir! I dropped a nickel into this machine, and nothing came out.

AGENT.—If nothing came out, that shows it 's empty.

"But, sir, what do I get for my nickel?"

"Information." *N. Y. Weekly.*

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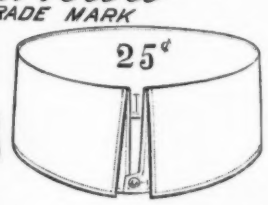

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PRIDE'S FALL.

TRAMP. — Please, Mum, I ain't had no food fer three days. Can you give me something to eat?

MRS. SLIMDIET (*haughtily*).—My terms for board are seven dollars a week.

TRAMP (*straightening up*).—Beg parding fer troublin' ye; I did n't know this was a boardin'-house. I ain't hungry 'nough ter eat boardin'-house vittles. Good-day, Mum.—*New York Weekly.*

THE ONLY WAY.

He had a worried look on his face, and remarked with a sigh. "I suppose there is no use in expecting that everybody will ever be satisfied."

"No," replied the man with campaign buttons all over him; "not unless this government makes arrangements to have two Vice-Presidents instead of only one."—*Washington Star.*

THEY say an ostrich can digest anything. We wonder if an ostrich ever tried radishes?—*Atchison Globe.*

A MAN never has much trouble in raising money if he knows how to plant it.—*West Union Gazette.*

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NOT SO MUCH OF A HARDSHIP.

TICKET SELLER.—Standing-room only, sir

PATRON.—That 's all right! Give me a tic' et. I could n't see anything if I sat down, anyway.

RASCALITY.

BOOKKEEPER *(installment store)*.—The man who bought that hundred-dollar set of furniture and paid twenty dollars on it has skipped with the property.

PROPRIETOR. — The rascal! I 'll hunt him down of it takes all the detectives in the city. That set of furniture cost me fourteen dollars hard cash.—*New York Weekly.*

IN 1900.

UP-TO-DATE MAIDEN.—He does n't look with favor upon your suit.

HER FRIEND.— No. I proposed in my bicycle costume.

UP-TO-DATE MAIDEN. — How foolish! You should have worn your bathing suit.—*Norristown Herald.*

A pure article of champagne is a healthy beverage. Get *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry*, 40 years' record.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

"Do you think," said the young man who has gone into politics, "that a man in my position can afford to be indifferent to public opinion?"

"I don't know," said Senator Sorghum, thoughtfully. "How much is your private income?" — *Washington Star.*

IT is a queer bit of irony to have a man tell you how he and somebody else talk about things in the strictest confidence.—*Washington Democrat.*

THE scorcher, racing swift and fleet,
Ran into Deacon Brace;
The scorcher fell some forty feet,
The deacon fell from grace.
—*Cedar Rapids Record.*

A MAN who has money to burn should n't worry in this world because of the heat.—*Adams Freeman.*

The Doctor Says

that a tonic is needed. Perhaps he prescribes one. If he is an intelligent, up to date physician the chances are that he advises the use of

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK.

—the **food drink.** Malt-Nutrine is a wonderful vitalizer and flesh builder—recognized and recommended as such by the medical profession in general.

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THE EXCEPTION.

Now goes the campaign orator
With speeches frank and hearty;
He loves the public — all except
The opposition party.
—*Washington Star.*

EACH ONE WON ONE.

JABNEY.—How did those two friends of yours come out in their checker games?

BLOOZIN.— One won one, and the other one won one.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

A MARTYR TO DUTY.

MOTHER *(suspiciously)*. — If you have n't been in swimming, how did your hair get so wet?

LITTLE DICK.—That 's perspiration — runnin' away from bad boys wot wanted me to disobey you an' go in swimmin'.—*New York Weekly.*

If you need a tonic why not take one that you can enjoy? — Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists and dealers.

DESIRABLE DAMAGE.

BLACKNER.—How did you tear your coat?

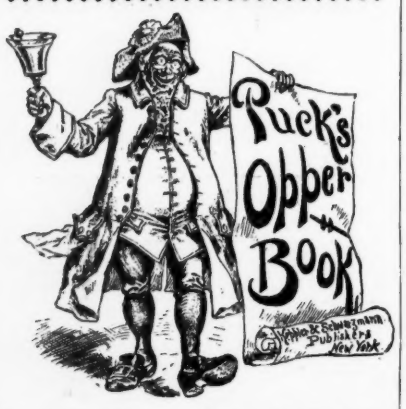
REDDEY.— Caught it on a nail in Wigley's store. I made him pay me twenty dollars for the damage, though.

BLACKNER.— That so? Is the nail there yet?—*Roxbury Gazette.*

CUSTOMER.—Have you a stovelifter?

SMART CLERK.—No'm. You can get kerosene and dynamite at the store around the corner.—*Norristown Herald.*

OLD COINS AND STAMPS
Are in great demand, rare issues before 1878 bring $1 to $4000. Illustrated circulars can be obtained by sending 2 stamps to NUMISMATIC BANK, Dept. P, Boston, Mass.



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IN-DOORS.

MRS. BINGO.—Bobby, does the new little boy who has moved in next door feel any more at home than he did?

BOBBY — I guess he does. He has been at home ever since we first met!

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. Our INVISIBLE TUBE Cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard. Send to F. Hiscox Co., 858 B'way, N. Y., for Book and Proofs **FREE**

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Great English Remedy for
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THE boy who has not had his hair cut by his mother, knows not what the evolution of offended dignity is. — *Adams Freeman.*

Set Your Standard High.

Catalogue FREE.

Wear the Emblem of Your Country, One that represents the Standard-Bearers of Prosperity.

Closed it shows Our Beloved Old Flag, enameled in National colors. Touch the lower corner and it flies open, showing the wearer's favorite candidates.

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Bird's Eye
Westward Ho
Three Castles
Gold Flake, etc.

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J. W. SURBRUG, Sole Agent, 159 Fulton Street, NEW YORK.

SHE.—That young Shalloway thinks he 's got something real soft.
HE.—Well, he has n't lost his head yet, has he?—*Yonkers Statesman*

Are You Thin?

Look about you! See for yourself! Who suffer most from sleeplessness, nervousness, nervous dyspepsia, neuralgia, despondency, general weakness? Who are on the edge of nervous prostration all the time? Those who are thin, Opium, chloral, bromides, headache powders, only make matters worse. Iron and bitters are only stimulants. To be cured, and cured for good, you need a fat-making food. You want new blood, rich blood; and a strong nerve-tonic.

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SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

10 Really Good TRICKS *Enough for Evening's Entertainment* With apparatus and complete explanations. Includes Vanishing Rings, Diminishing Cards a la Hermann, Dissolving Handkerchiefs a la Kellar, &c. *Set (3) prepared Slates for Spirit Writing as used by greatest mediums; full explanation; easy to perform without detection.* $1. MAGIC MFG. CO., 93 5th Ave., N. Y. $1 PREPAID

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GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "300 Inventions Wanted." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, New York.

FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES.

FIRST ACTOR.—You get a bigger salary than I do.

SECOND ACTOR.—That 's true; but I don't get so much money.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

PUCK'S QUARTERLY

One Hundred Pages of PUCK'S Unadulterated Fun for TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

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This is the Finest Champagne produced in America, and compares favorably with European vintages.

A Natural Genuine Champagne, fermented in the bottle, two years being required to perfect the wine.

Our Sweet and Dry Catawba and Port are, like all our Wines, made from Selected grapes, and are Pure Wines.

For prices, address

D. BAUDER, Secretary.

WHEN a dry-goods store advertises an article at $2.99, the women only see the $2.—*Atchison Globe.*

Hygienically and Economically

every man commits a crime against common sense if he does not wear the **Genuine Guyot Suspenders.** All imitations are frauds. Send 50 cents for sample pair to OSTHEIMER BROS., 621 Broadway, N. Y.

EXPENSIVE HILARITY.

"Uncle Simon, what is 'blasé'?"

"It is when a fellow gets so low-spirited that nothing but a steamboat explosion will make him laugh."—*Detroit Free Press.*

GOUT? For Sale by Druggists. PAMPHLET FREE. LEHN & FINK, Agents, New York.

SCHERING'S **PIPERAZIN WATER**

RECOMMENDED FOR Gravel, Calculus, Lazy Liver, and all Uric Acid Troubles. WILL CURE IT.

SHE.—The speaker did n't have any trouble in getting out his words.

HE.—No; you see there 's not much depth in him.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE IDEAL LAXATIVE

Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC

10¢ 25¢, 50¢ TRADE MARK. ALL DRUGGISTS

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

"POLITICS," said Uncle Eben, "makes strange bed-fellows. But hit am allus de same ol' fight ez ter which is gwinter git all de kivvers."—*Washington Star.*

TALK about curiosities! Did you ever see anything more curious than the way a woman sharpens a lead pencil?—*Washington Democrat.*

The Shrewd Business-man of To-day

Sends out his **Catalogues printed** in the most **Artistic and Attractive Form.**

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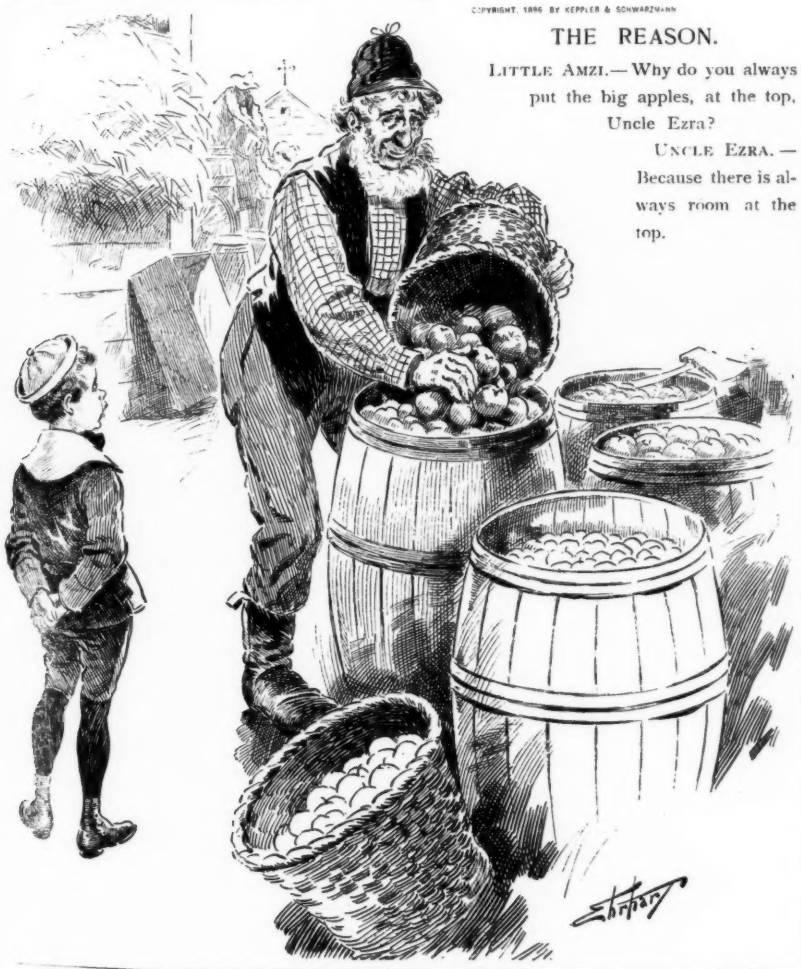

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THE REASON.

LITTLE AMZI.—Why do you always put the big apples, at the top, Uncle Ezra?

UNCLE EZRA.—Because there is always room at the top.

Morning, Noon and Night, Splendid Trains to Chicago — via NEW YORK CENTRAL.

VAN HORN.—Great Cæsar! I don't appear to be able to work a treat out of my friends any more. They all seem to have made up their minds not to ask me. I guess they have sized me up. Well, something has to be done, for it is against my rule to buy a drink for myself.

VAN HORN.—By Jingo! I 've got a scheme that will work, or I 'll swear off!

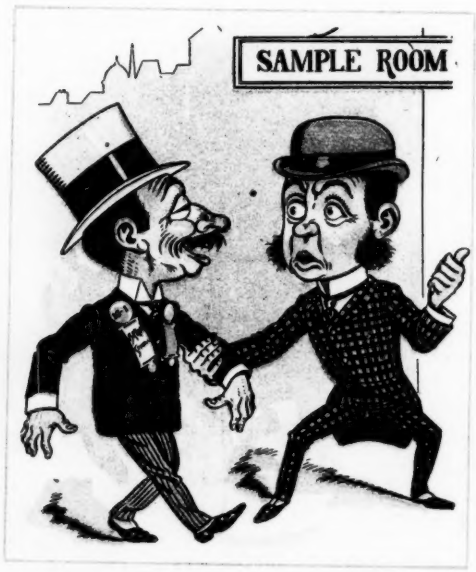
VAN HORN.—Yes; give me an assortment of Bryan and Sewall badges, and one of those large Silver bugs.

VAN HORN.—*Now*, I 've got my war paint on! I 'll go down and call on some of my friends in Wall Street.

BROWN.—Good heavens, Van Horn! What do all these Bryan and Sewall buttons mean? You certainly can't believe in free silver? You? Say, old man, come inside with me a moment, I want to talk with you.

GREEN.—What! You don't mean to say you are a Free Silver man? Look here, old fellow, you don't understand this thing! Come in and take a quiet drink with me, and I 'll prove it to you.

BLACK.—Great Crœsus! *You* a Free Silverite? You are dead wrong, me boy, dead wrong! Come in and I 'll blow you off while I show you the fallacy of your position.



WHITE.—You don't mean to say these buttons indicate your sentiments? Say, come in and have a drink with me. I hate to see a good man like you go wrong without trying my best to put him on the right track.

VAN HORN (*5 P. M.*).—Guesh if 'r don't take 'r buttons offsh I 'll be seein' shnakes 'fore meet many more Wall Street fren's. Shay, zis scheme 's great, ain't it?

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A SILVERY SCHEME; OR, HOW A MEAN MAN WORKED ON THE GENEROSITY OF HIS ENTHUSIASTIC FRIENDS.